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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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SHADOWS OF BIRDS.

In darkened air, alone with pain,
I lay. Like links of heavy chain
The minutes sounded, measuring day,
And slipping lifelessly away.
Sudden across my silent room
A shadow darker than its gloom
Swept swift; a shadow slim and small,
Which poised and darted on the wall,
And vanished quickly as it came,
A shadow, yet it lit like flame;
A shadow, yet I heard it sing,
And heard the rustle of its wing,
Till every pulse with joy was stirred;
It was the shadow of a bird!

Only a shadow! Yet it made
Full summer everywhere it strayed;
And every bird I ever knew
Back and forth in the summer flew,
And breezes wafted over me
The scent of every flower and tree;
Till I forgot the pain and gloom
And silence of my darkened room.
Now, in the glorious open air
I watch the birds fly here and there;
And wonder, as each swift wing cleaves
The sky, if some poor soul that grieves
In lonely, darkened, silent walls,
Will catch the shadow as it falls!

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

CHILDREN OF GOD.

II.

Man is not the enemy of God, he is the child of God. Jesus says, in the most critical moment, that on this truth he builds his church; namely, that such a one as he himself is Son of the living God. All duty, according to him, centres in man's love of God,—love. The old phrase, "the fear of the Lord," has to be abolished or wholly transmuted in its meaning. It says to a savage or a Hebrew or a Greek, "Nature is on your side," or, if you like the phrase better, "the Power behind Nature." You can ride on the whirlwind. You can tame the storm. You can subdue the world. You have been taught that you must propitiate Nature as an enemy. Nature does not ask to be propitiated. Nature is on your side. True, you must master these transient things. Yes! That is what the Power that makes for righteousness does. But you can master them, for you are of the nature and essence of this Power that makes for righteousness. He is in you, and you are in him. He is your Father, and you are his children! Anything that he wants you can have. Anything in that line that you want he will give. It was a great thing—as this old fisherman John said when he was near a hundred years old—that this truth, wholly new, hardly suspected by the most hopeful, was now absolutely revealed to man. It was made so clear that they whose eyes were open, when the flash came, had to see it. They knew that it was so. They tried experiments on this plan, and they found they succeeded. Among other things, a few of them went out from Palestine, and made other people know that they were divine and had infinite power. And, after a little of this work, they overthrew every form of religion of their time, every palace and every temple. Old things were done away, indeed, and many things became new.

There is no intelligible account to be given of the earlier victories of Christianity but in this infinite confidence, of those who achieved them, that they had All-Power on their side.

I know very well that the machinists and working merchants and inventors and men of letters of to-day would often be surprised if anybody told them that they were apostles,

and that they were commissioned to their work in the same way as were these men in the Bible who saw flashes of heavenly lightning and heard tongues of heavenly direction. I know the modesty of such men. They would decline the use of any such ecclesiastical language for the description of their endeavor. I do know, all the same, that they have enlarged themselves by entering into the Infinite Life which rules all Nature. With all their modesty, such men are not willing to say that the law of their being is any less than the law of the Being which moves this world or which moves all worlds.

Such an officer of God, such a son of God, wakes in the morning and looks out on the rising sun to meet his companion for the day, and he knows that the sun will serve him. He puts his ear to his wire to ask what are the clouds in Ohio and Kentucky, what at Hartford and the North River. "We shall have rain this afternoon," he says to his foreman a hundred miles away. "We shall have all the water we need. You need not put fire under your boilers." Or he finds that this servant sunshine is more fierce than that servant cloud; and then he goes back into the mountain, he throws a dam across the cañon, he bids the waters wait behind it till he shall direct their flow. Then, when he needs, they shall come gently down to water the earth. Or, if he do not need to-day, why, they are there; and those also serve who only stand and wait.

He believes, in a word, that the world is made for him, and that he is born for the world. Who lives in that life is the master of the world and time and circumstance.

"With such faith," said the leader of men, "ye shall move mountains, ye shall tread on serpents and scorpions." "In that life," says the prophet, "ye shall mount on wings as eagles; ye shall run, and not be weary; ye shall walk, and not faint." For in that strength the children of God have the infinite supply. The reservoir which feeds the streams of their life is the infinite reservoir of God's love. Their electric supply is drawn from the unmeasured depths of the vital power of the universe. "So great a thing is it that we are called the children of God."

At the birth of the Church there were one hundred and twenty men who had some notion of this infinite blessing possible to all men. One day they tried the great experiment. They revealed it to others; and that night there were three thousand men who had caught the great idea. They went to bed glad and strong because they were on God's side and he on theirs.

To-day God only knows how many men and women know what it is to live in him, to move in him, and in him to have their being. And they do not dare to say what this world will be, or to what grandeur human life will rise, when men do accept the gift of life, when they use the infinite resources, and share God's omnipotence.

No man can describe what this earth is to be, or human society, when it fully accepts the revelation of Whit-Sunday.

Beloved, now are we children of God. And it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

A year in heaven for her,—what is she learning
Of holy things, of things divine and true?
What glorious visions there are still unfolding
Which here she never knew?

Did angel friends await her at her coming?
Did angel faces greet her with a smile?
Were all the dear ones eager to receive her
Whom she had lost awhile?

And has she seen the loving, blessed Jesus,
Sat at his feet or felt his fond embrace?
Or even can it be that she is able
To see the Father's face?

A year on earth for us without her presence,—
A year of loneliness and grief and pain;
But still we smile amid our tears, in thinking
Our loss is but her gain!

We miss her in our joys and in our sorrows:
She was our life, our centre, and our sun.
And yet we would not call her back, but whisper,
"O God, thy will be done!"

For heaven and earth are very close together.
Though she is there, she is not far away.
She could not leave the dear ones, loved so fondly,
Even in heaven to stay!

But still her spirit, like a guardian angel,
Is bending o'er us with her own fond care;
And sometimes she brings heaven so very near us,
We almost think we're there!

A year in heaven for her, of rest and blessing:
For us a year on earth, with her above.
But heaven and earth are both together blending,
And over all is Love!

—*M. L. D., in Christian Register.*

You who have suffered and have known the struggle of Gethsemane have gained little unless you have known also its victory. The teaching of Gethsemane is three-fold,—quiet, struggle, victory. Is not this just the course all human souls must run before finding themselves in that perfect peace with God which has but a single utterance,—"Not as I will, but as thou wilt"?

To believe God to be your best and everlasting Friend; to believe him, likewise, to be the Friend of all mankind, and of every sentient creature under his sovereign rule; to be no longer puzzled and perplexed by the past, discomposed and vexed at the present, or doubtful of the future; to be willing to leave every moral problem to the unravelling of distant ages, and to trust the destiny of all things in the arms of Everlasting Love,—surely, these are blessed truths which have turned our night into day, our sorrow into joy.—*Voysey.*

O my God and Father, I desire to love thee, and fear lest I should not love thee as I ought. I ask of thee an abundant and pure love. Thou seest this desire, for thou hast implanted it in me: regard then the want which thou beholdest in thy creature. Lord, thou art the God of nature, thou art the soul of all being, thine are all things; and shall not my heart be thine, that heart which thou hast formed and dost keep in life? It is thine, and no longer mine. Do with me as thou wilt. I care not, since I love thee.—*Fénelon.*

Faith is the very life of the spirit. How shall we maintain it, how increase it? By living it. Faith grows with well-doing. What little faith you have, only live it for one day, and it will be stronger to-morrow. Live with your fellow-creatures as their brother to-day, and to-morrow God will be felt by you as your Father in heaven the more tenderly.—*William Mountford.*

Heaven is as present now as ever it will be. God is here in his magnificence to-day, as he is in the courts of the angels. We must not dream of postponing our heaven. We must prepare to enter in now by loyal service of God every instant.—*W. H. Channing.*

Do like a child, and lean and rest
  Upon thy Father's arm;
Pour out thy troubles on his breast,
  And thou shalt know no harm;
Then shalt thou by his hand be brought,
By ways which now thou knowest not,
  Up through a well-fought fight,
  To heavenly peace and light.
—*Paul Gerhardt.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Miscellaneous.

"Christmas Sermon," Stevenson; "In the Tropics"; "Spare Hours"; "Hopes and Fears," Yonge; "An Affair of Dishonor"; "Alice for Short," De Morgan; "But yet a Woman," Hardy; "Homer," Gladstone; "The Cathedral"; "My Study Window," Lowell; "Aunt Serena"; "Scenes of Wonder in Many Lands"; "An American Girl in London"; "Dream-life," Mitchell; "Cynthia's Way"; "Snow-bound," Whittier; "Within the Pale," Michael Davitt; "Four Hundred Folk," O. T. Miller; "Wilfred Cumbermede," George MacDonald; "Romance of the Insect World"; "The Sisters," Ebers; "Shandon Bells," Black.

For Young People.

"The World and its People"; "Natural Elementary Geography"; "Seaside and Wayside"; "Boyhood in Norway"; "Nautilus," L. E. Richards; "Beauty and the Beast"; "Mrs. Muff and her Friends"; "Told in the Twilight"; "The True Story Book," Andrew Lang.

Miss L. A. Decker, 4 Mount Vernon Street, Salem, Mass., offers a Greek New Testament.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I should be so glad of second-hand Bibles or Testaments and school-books or books of any kind to send or give away. I think so much can be accomplished around and in the mountains. There is one family here of twelve children, from one to twenty years of age, all at home. The father understands music, and it is a treat to hear those little boys and girls sing. So would also be glad of any little hymn or song books or music of any kind. If you have never lived in the mountains, you can never know how such things are appreciated, and the good they do. If any of you can spare any of the above-mentioned books, I shall be so glad to send

them out for you, where I am sure they will do good. Thanking you in advance for anything I may receive, Mrs. James R. Ware, R. F. D. 1, Sandidges, Virginia; Freight Office, Amherst, Virginia, care of Kent & Co.

2. Mrs. Annie Coley, Knowles, New Mexico, living in a new country, eighty miles from a railroad, and no near neighbors, asks for *Hearth and Home, Happy Hours, People's Home Journal,* and cards and pictures for her four-year-old girl.

3. Miss Ivy Garland and S. E. Risiler, Rupart, Arkansas, ask for any reading.

4. I have requested the following books: "Encyclopædia of Law," Legal Text-books, "A Keyboard Harmony System," and Piano Duets. Mrs. J. B. Kline, 103 Western Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

5. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, O'Donnell, Texas, asks for pieces for Children's Day in June for two Sunday-schools. Wants opening and closing addresses, songs to be sung while taking the collection for home and foreign missions, with music; "Robinson Crusoe," "Strive and Succeed," and a Primer, or any good reading.

6. I write to thank you for the reading that has been sent me through the *Cheerful Letter.* As I am quite lonely and in very bad health, should be glad of some more reading. I have none now. I should also be glad of some correspondents to help pass away lonely hours. Mrs. Henry Nelson, Critz, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, Box 26.

7. A friend has handed me a *Cheerful Letter,* and told me that, if I would write to you, I could get some reading. For reference you can ask Rev. Bader of Atchison, Kansas. I should like the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Anything you can send will be very much appreciated. Thanking you for your trouble. Mrs. R. D. Manchester, Mondamin, Oklahoma, R. F. D. 1, Box 22 C.

8. The *Cheerful Letter* has been my refuge before, and so I come again. Please send me "The Iron Woman," "The Winning of Barbara Worth"; "Nobody's," Jane Dawson; "Victor Ollnee's Discipline." I pass them on. Mrs. T. J. Philpin, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

9. It has been a long time since I have asked for reading. I should like to have reading for myself and my three oldest boys, and also any picture books for my baby, three years old. We have moved among strangers, and I seldom get out anywhere. Please send us some reading. Mrs. Albert Owen, Sandy Level, Virginia.

10. I take this opportunity to thank the one who sends us a roll of magazines occasionally. As no name is signed, I cannot write to her. We very much appreciate the reading we have received, and pass it on to others. My husband would like to get anything relating to bee-culture, particularly that for beginners. Mrs. Guy Whitten, Clinton, Maine.

11. I am so fond of good reading. I should like very much to have some good story-books and a Bible. I have two children, a girl and a boy. They like to look at picture-books. The boy's name is Benson L. Hall, the girl's is Earl E. Hall. Mrs. J. P. Hall, Philpott, Virginia.

12. I should like to thank the dear Cheerful Letter friend who is sending me the *Cheerful Letter,* as I do not know the giver. I enjoy it so much. I also wish to thank those who have remembered me with any reading the past year. I have a young baby, ten months old, and four other small children. My health is not good at present. I should be glad if some one would pass on to me The *Woman's Home Companion,* current or old numbers. Mrs. Etta A. Raynor, Box 31, Speonk, New York.

13. Mrs. Thad. Hill, 1229 East 10th Street, Shawnee, Oklahoma, asks for reading. Mrs. Hill is not strong, and has the care of two children.

14. Mrs. Emma Blankenship, Sandy Level, Virginia, the mother of three little boys, from six years to ten months old, will be very glad of reading and cards. The six-year-old boy can read nicely.

15. I wish to thank the kind friend who sends me the *Cheerful Letter.* I am one of the many that are deprived of the freedom of outdoor life, and my husband is not able to work. He has been in the hospital for eight months, which seems of little benefit. I have two children, the oldest a girl, aged seven, and a little boy, four. Indeed we will be thankful and appreciate anything sent us. Reading matter and letters would help pass away many lonely hours. We live in a lonely place, and have no near neighbors. I hope

to be remembered. Mrs. Sallie M. Ogle, Foster Falls, R. F. D. 1, Box 63, Virginia.

16. Mrs. Mattie A. Rushing, Peachland, North Carolina, Route 1, will be glad to receive the first instructions in music for her little folks.

17. Miss Lula M. Thompson, Tatum, Virginia, will be grateful for *Munsey*, 1912, beginning with the February number.

18. Mrs. Erna Cockrill, Gainesville, Texas, Route 7, mother of two small children, asks for reading and cheery letters, as her mailbox is about the only company she has.

19. Mrs. O. A. Collins, Tennessee Colony, Texas, a widow with four children, three boys and one girl, ages eleven to twenty years, living sixteen miles from a library, asks for suitable reading, especially *Youth's Companion* or *St. Nicholas*.

20. Mrs. J. R. Overton, Manchester, Carolina, an invalid, would like any reading. The *Christian Herald* would be very welcome.

21. I should be very glad to receive some reading from the *Cheerful Letter*. I have not received any since last summer, when I was ill in bed. Then some of the addresses were mislaid, so I could not acknowledge the receipt of what I did get, which I regretted very much. I should like some of last year's *Ladies' Home Journals* or *Pictorial Reviews*. Miss Aristeen A. Lord, Lovell, Maine.

22. Mrs. Clara Welch wishes to thank, through the *Cheerful Letter*, the people who sent her cards on her birthday. She is going to the hospital very soon.

23. Mrs. Joseph E. Broadaway, Polkton, R. D. 3, North Carolina, wishes to express her gratitude for what has been sent her, and asks for cards and pictures.

24. I am glad to get reading that is interesting and instructive. I should like to get a book that is written by Warren Sumner Barlow, called "Voices," in three parts: "The Voices of Reason," "The Voices of Nature," and "The Voices of a (?)." Our house burned about fifteen years ago, and all my books were burned, and I have never been able to find a copy of the "Voices" since. It was a book that made a great impression on my mind, and I have always wanted to get a copy of it again. I should like *McClure's* magazine, June to November, 1909. Mrs. Isabella Bailey, Rose, Kansas, R. D. 2.

25. I am writing to you for some Sunday-school papers for a little class I have of ten pupils, from eight to twelve years of age. I like Mrs. J. C. Jaynes's lessons, but, if you know of any more suitable, I shall appreciate your kindness if you can help me. We have a nice little Sunday-school, but do not feel able to buy lessons for all the classes. If you cannot send me the lessons I want, can you tell me the price of Mrs. Jaynes's lessons? Mrs. H. H. Foster, Nadine, New Mexico.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. E. E. Foster is now at Choate Home Sanitarium, Malden, Mass.

W. H. Johnson's present address is Ben Hur, Arkansas.

N. T. Hale's address is Lester, Kentucky.

AT REST.

Mrs. Bertha Smith, Campbell, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

ADVICE TO A FARM-BOY.

I was a farm-boy myself, and I know the deprivations and difficulties which he must meet. I am now a farmer, with pride above that of my professions of minister, author, and journalist. If there is any good reason for the maxim, Let the shoemaker stick to his last, there is more reason for the advice, Let the farm-boy stick to the farm. The chaff given to the soil-tiller was applicable only to that untrained generation that lived after the factories had taken all that was interesting away from farm life, but before science had become heartily tributary to agriculture. Now there is hardly one science that is not incorporated with country home-making,—entomology, botany, geology, ornithology, and zoölogy in general.

We have so widened our field of work lately as to take in the air as well as the earth. No intelligent farmer undertakes to till the soil any more than he undertakes to draw the elements out of the air. He knows very well that most of his crops are made of the nitrogen over his head, and not of the dirt under his feet. It would be a very appropriate change if we called our occupation aëriculture instead of agriculture. There is nowhere in the world more to interest, more to enliven, and to make life full of zest than on the farm. Everything is a subject of study, and a handful of dirt or a leaf from a bush gives

more interrogations than an educated man can answer. The farm-boy of to-day need not talk about farm life as dull. He has no occasion to run away to the city.

It stands to reason, therefore, that your best education will come from your own homestead. Your house, your barns, your dairy-houses, and your shops, as well as your orchards and gardens, are departments in a college into which you come by inheritance. Do not be deceived about education, and think you must get it all from books. The best part of it comes from things. Not long ago two farm-boys came to me for advice. They proposed entering a classical college to secure an education. A very brief examination showed them that all that they knew that was worth the while and applicable they had secured not from the high school, but from home. My advice to them was to go home and study things and life rather than to go to college to study books and spend money. That is education which enlarges your capacity and makes you better capable of doing things. The boy that can milk five cows before breakfast, and do it honestly and well, is better educated than one whose morning exercise has been to read in a stuttering way a few lines of Virgil on farming.

Then, when you do leave home, and that certainly is not generally advisable for the boy, you should seek the agricultural college or a trade-school. A few boys are elementally mechanics, and they belong where they can do the most in the way of invention and construction. But mark you that mechanical work is once more being incorporated into farm life. The factory took it away from us into congested town life, but it is coming back to us. We have shop life as well as field life. We have the country telephone, and the trolley backs up to our barns to hitch on our trolley wagons, loaded with farm produce. Industrial education is transforming everything, and putting life into places where we have had only monotony and toil.

Find out what you are good for as soon as possible, and certainly before you have whittled away all your common sense on experiments. A sensible father ought to understand the special adaptations of his boys, and help them to see themselves in an economic light. If your heart goes out to plants and animals, educate yourself just as fully as possible along those lines; but, if you love tools with all your might, you certainly should go into some mechanical employment. If you really must teach or preach, the farm must let you go. This will still leave on the farm at least three-quarters of the young folk—to the manner born.

But at all events do not leave the farm on the supposition that you are going up in the world, for you are not. The Creator planted the first garden, and to create is the highest of all work. He is nearest the Creator Mind who puts mind into matter and brings forth thought in the form of plants and fruit. Burbank is the industrial pope of the world. Production is inherently ahead of trading and consuming. To make something useful is nobler than to sell it; and for this reason the farmer outranks the trader, and farming is a higher occupation than commerce. Do not forget this, and, while it does not make you arrogant, let it at least make you very strong and self-reliant.

It is strange, but it is true, that we have come upon an age that despises labor. This is due perhaps to machinery, at least in part; but stand true to the fact that there is no combination in this world equal to that of a hand and a head. There is nothing more helpless than brains without hands. Back of your complex threshers and mowing-machines stands something far grander in the inventor. When man was lifted out of the brute, the forepaws of the animal were exalted into hands. These hands became the tool-makers, the artists in conjunction with the eye, the pen-wielders. They are the builders of thought into form. Labor with the hands, if decently inspired by the brain, ennobles the man beyond all else that he can do. It is this one thought that has been slipping out of our times and making contemptible much that we have done. My advice to the farm-boy is, Admire, honor, glorify your hand-work.

I have seen boys in these days picking away at the dried meat of classics, while their bills were paid by mortgages on their fathers' homes. This sort of business goes right into character, and boys rarely get over the meanness; and they will be likely to have sons like themselves. It is bad business every way. I advise you to have nothing to do with this sort of education. Honor for parents is the soul of the world's oldest civilization: it must be restored to our civilization. To starve parents that you may engage in athletic games and social functions or even that you may acquire erudition is shameful and degrading. This is the reason that our boys who grow up to be leaders are no leaders at all, or, if they are leaders, they lead us socially downward.

When you are rightly educated, you will generally go straight back to the farm. You will have learned how to till land. You will

have learned about trees and plants, and the poems in them as well as the fruits. You will know how to prevent waste, and how to do the best things in the best way. A cow will not be to you a "broad-faced beast." A horse will be able to show his intelligence to you and his love. Even the fowls and the birds and the bees will talk with you; and the whole world will be a new world to you, because it will be a live world full of divine instinct.

A right sort of farm-boy is the nation's model. In body he is athletic and strong, but not a slave to athletic trainers. As farm work is now enlightened and enlivened, the farm-boy is not likely to be any more overworked than the city boy. In mind he will be like Darwin, and in spirit he will be as guileless as the Master who told parables about the flowers and fruits. We are badly in need of this sort of boys and men, and we can get them only from your numbers, my farm-boy brothers.

This, then, is my advice to you: Stick to the farm. Study soils, animals, plants, birds, foods. Improve all that you touch. Put brains into work. Get the poetry of the country as well as the prose. Learn to see well and to hear well. Moses saw God in a burning bush. You will see God in a potato hill. There will not be a mean thing about you, if you yourself are not mean.—*E. P. Powell.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CLEVERNESS OF ANIMALS.

STORIES WHICH INDICATE THAT THEY POSSESS THE POWER TO REASON.

Cats seem to know what dogs they can frighten and drive off, as well as those from which they would do well to steer clear. I have often seen a pet cat of ours drive a big dog away from her dish on the back porch, causing him to set up such a howl that one might suppose a catamount were after him; and again I have seen a fox-terrier send the same cat flying up a tree as fast as she could climb it, without any questioning as to whether it were best to go or not.

Nearly every one has noticed the remarkable knowing quality developed in all shepherd dogs. According to my own personal observation these dogs help to keep the herds in the road and drive them in the right direction; they know their master's sheep and cattle; they can separate one herd from another; they can keep each in its own special pasture; they can prevent their master's sheep from mingling with his neighbor's,—especially when the flock comes to a break in the wall or fence or hedge, through which the sheep seem to have an almost irresistible tendency to pass,—and on account of their great intelligence shepherd dogs are an almost indispensable aid to all those who have to manage sheep or cattle.

The cattle-dogs of Cuba are but little less intelligent in their management of these animals as they are landed from the live-stock vessels in some of the ports of that country. Two dogs swim beside each steer, for each steer is thrown into the water to find its own way ashore, and these dogs guide it by the ears until the animal's feet touch bottom, when they immediately let go and return to the ship to assist another steer in reaching land in the same manner.

Darwin describes a trick played on a monkey to show its intelligence. Lumps of sugar wrapped in paper were first given to him. Then for sugar a live wasp was substituted, but after meeting with an unpleasant experience from the wasp the monkey put the next package to his ear to learn if it might be safely opened. This action showed that the monkey had memory and considerable wisdom and had discovered that a wasp buzzes when wrapped in paper.

The elephant looks stupid enough, but his intelligence is developed to a marked degree. Dr. Romanes tells several interesting stories showing the almost human instinct of these animals. A man was one day feeding a tame elephant with potatoes which the elephant took from his hand. A small, round potato fell on the ground just out of reach.

After several unsuccessful attempts to get it the animal blew so strong a blast of breath against it that it was dashed against a wall, from which it rebounded so far that he easily reached it. It is said that an elephant will often blow just beyond small objects out of reach so that the reflected current of air will drive them toward him.

Dr. Romanes repeats the story of an elephant that was chained to a tree near a little oven in which his driver had just baked some rice cakes. When the driver went away, leaving his cakes to cool, the elephant unfastened the chain from his leg, uncovered the oven, opened it, ate the cakes, and covered the oven with earth and stones as he had found it. He then returned to his place, and wound the chain about his leg as it was before, although he could not fasten it. The driver, on his return, found the elephant with his back toward the oven,

and looking innocent, but the cakes had completely disappeared.—*The St. Nicholas.*

[The Editor heard directly from an English gentleman who had just come from Ceylon that it is quite true that elephants are employed there to lay stone walls, and that these sagacious creatures, after placing a stone, will step back and look at it, and, if it is out of line with the others, come forward and straighten it.]

HOW DID HE GET BACK FROM RUSSIA?

Many years ago Captain Thomas B. Curtis of Boston sailed his own ship to Sumatra, taking a cargo to exchange for pepper. He took with him his dog Keeper. This dog was a powerful animal and a great favorite with the crew. He was very useful in keeping off the Malays, who swim like fishes, and would swarm up the sides of the ship to get on deck and steal; but Keeper would not allow one to come on board, except when permitted by the captain. The Malays were very much afraid of Keeper. The captain then, with a cargo of pepper, sailed for Cronstadt, in Russia. There the pepper was exchanged for hemp, duck, and iron for Boston. But when the ship was ready to sail Keeper was not on board, and in the bustle of departure his absence was not perceived until they were out at sea. It was too late to turn back, and the crew, officers, and captain all mourned the loss of their favorite. And when Captain Curtis reached home there was as much sorrow for Keeper on shore as at sea. Some weeks passed, and Mrs. Curtis was sitting in her parlor alone one evening, when she heard a commotion in the hall. She opened the parlor door and looked out. The maid servant was struggling to keep out a big dog.

"O Mrs. Curtis," she cried, "this dog will come in, and I can't keep him out."

As soon as Mrs. Curtis appeared, the dog ran to her, stood on his hind legs, placed his paws on her shoulder and began caressing her face with his big tongue.

"Why!" said she. "*It is Keeper.*"

When the dog heard her pronounce his name, his joy knew no bounds. He rushed madly around, only stopping now and then to hug and kiss his mistress. He was so lean that she at first hardly knew him. He was quickly fed and made comfortable.

But how did he get home? Probably, finding the ship gone, he had watched for a Boston vessel and taken passage on her, perhaps as a stowaway, with no one to feed him, and heaven only knows how he lived on the long and dreary voyage, without a friend on board. He could not tell his story, and so we could only guess it. This is a true story well known to Keeper's Boston friends.—*S. F. C.*

NOBLE LIVES.

IV.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING: IDEALISM IN LIFE.

How poor and mean would our life be without ideal men! We need them to give us bread from heaven, to inspire our lives, to show us the presence of God in nature, in history, in the soul. We are oppressed by care, routine, worldliness. We need to be helped to see a divine love and purpose in all things. We need prophets and poets, great thinkers, great artists, men of thought and action,—reformers, battling against abuses; philosophers, sounding along their dim and perilous way in the abysses of thought; men of science, discovering new laws of the universe; men of hope, dipping into the future as far as human eye can see.

Such an ideal man was William Henry Channing. I knew him in boyhood, was his classmate in college, sitting next to him in the recitation room during four years; was with him in the Divinity School; with him in the West, he in Cincinnati, I in Louisville; with him in Boston, and had the joy of his friendship down to the latest hour.

He was an ideal man, dwelling in the world of conscience, soul, reason, faith. He was incapable of worldliness, incapable of low or unworthy thought and feeling. His presence always was an inspiration and an elevation. He took you up into a purer world, a world where the great law of duty was supreme. The Greeks called the goddess Artemis "the untouched one." Her purity could not be contaminated. The moon was her emblem; for, wherever its cold, calm light falls, it adds an ideal charm to the scene. It refines coarseness, and gives to plastered walls and poor cottages the aspect of marble palaces. So was William Channing. He was the untouched one! His presence brought dignity and value to the trivial hours of life. His cousin, James Perkins, once said to me that William was the holiest man he ever knew. Yet there was nothing of austerity about him. He was by no means so serious as his uncle, William Ellery Channing. I never saw the latter laugh: a quiet smile was as far as he could go. But William Henry was at times full of mirth, and saw the fun of life, yet somehow without ever losing the seriousness of his soul. As Spenser says of some one,—

"He was wise, and wary of his will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart."

In his lightest, gayest mood he never lost sight of his deeper convictions, never would trifle with truth or right.

There are some men in whose presence no one ventures to be coarse or rude. Such a one was Washington, such a one was Dr. Channing, the true father not only of Boston Unitarianism, but of the broad Christianity of America. Such a one also was his nephew William, of whom we speak. So the higher tone controls the lower.

As between the uncle and nephew there were similarities and differences. The nephew loved his uncle, whose memoirs he wrote in that spirit of reverence, unhappily not common in modern biographies. Many biographers set themselves up as the critics of the man whose life they write, and carry this spirit of fault-finding so far that you wonder why they thought it worth while to write the life at all. They parade the weakness and foibles of their subject, and treat him with a supercilious condescension. So Froude writes the life of Carlyle, making Carlyle as disagreeable as possible, bringing into full light all that was selfish, harsh, and irritable in his character. But a true biographer regards perspective, and dwells most on that which is important—namely, that which is true and good—and drops into shadow that which is accidental. "So," says the great critic Lessing, "ought a portrait to be painted. You call this," he says, "a flattering portrait. It flatters only as art ought to flatter, giving us the idea of the man as nature intended him to be, omitting the defects which come from the imperfection of the material she works with, and the injuries resulting from the corrosion of time." The object of art is to discover the beautiful, the true, and the good in life and character, for that is what mainly helps us. These are the values in the picture. The defects and faults retire into the background and shadow.

In this sense our friend William Henry Channing wrote the biographies of his three friends,—Dr. Channing, his uncle, Margaret Fuller, and James H. Perkins. He was so intimate with the mind of Dr. Channing that the life reproduces for us that noble earnestness of soul, that searching thought, that concentration of the understanding, that well-balanced intellect, in which conscience held the scales of truth. The uncle and nephew were alike in their devotion to truth, justice, and purity. The mind of the uncle had more of concentrated energy, had more assured convictions. The nephew had too many thoughts in his mind. He cared for so much that he completed less than he otherwise would have done. His mind was also oppressed by his conscience and his imagination. His plans were too large ever to be executed. Gray describes Milton as dazzled by excess of light. My friend William seemed to me sometimes dazzled by the very brilliancy of his conceptions. So he executed less because he saw more.

But one great work he has left completed—his own life. His character ripened and matured to the last, grew more full of faith, never lost its early ardor and hope, but added more of inward peace. He seemed, to the outward eye, to have been disappointed. He planned large works which he never executed. A patriot, loving his country so well that Mr. Emerson addressed to him a poem, in which he called him "Our evil times' sole patriot," he felt obliged by circumstances to pass his latter years in England. A preacher whose inspiration, enthusiasm, and insight were such that he ought to have stood at the head of his profession, he could never quite satisfy any religious society. His brother preachers saw and felt his greatness, so did the parishes where he ministered, but not to the same degree. As Spenser has been called the poet for poets, so Channing the nephew was the preacher for preachers. Whenever he failed, the reason was always the same,—his ideal was too great to be realized. His inspiration overpowered his thought. He trusted too much to the spontaneous currents which were pouring through his soul. He always spoke extemporaneously, from the fulness of a state so exalted that few were prepared to breathe with him that thin and delicate air. He would have been a better speaker had he been willing to write more. When he gave his Lowell lectures, he failed of the highest success, for the same reason. He had so filled his mind with knowledge that his material became unmanageable. He said less than he might because he wished to say everything.

There was one situation, however, in which this defect of the "too much" disappeared. He was matchless in discussion, in conversation, in debate. Put him into a company of a dozen men of superior intellect, all opposed to his view, and he could hold his own against them all. He could see and admit the truth in every statement, and complete it from his own insight. In early days, in the tumult of an anti-slavery meeting, or in a hall filled with narrow reformers, each red-hot with his one idea, I have seen William "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." The concentration of thought he needed came to him from the antagonism of other minds.

He was thus a reformer in the largest sense. But most of the reforms he hoped for never came. He believed in a co-operative community, but in such a high and large way that this could not be realized in our generation. He believed in Christ more and more the longer he lived. He came ever nearer and nearer to the heart of the great Master. His love for Jesus was personal and intense. He lived in constant communion with that heavenly spirit. But he also believed fully in the freest thought, the broadest liberty of inquiry, the most thorough-going criticism of the letter. So he was not at home anywhere. He believed too much for those who profess to be the lovers of freedom. The shallow scepticism of most doubters was abhorrent to his ideal faith. On the other hand, those who desire to have definite belief, fixed forever in carefully drawn lines of statement, were never quite contented with his views.

Thus he went through life with little sympathetic environment of thought. Affectionate and loving in the highest degree, he was always more or less, in intellect, a homeless man. But his soul grew more and more at home. He was not a disappointed man. He saw in all of life an advancing glory and beauty. He had friends everywhere whom he loved and who loved him. His mind was ever fresh and active, full of courage, full of hope. He grew in reverence, in charity, in power, in knowledge. His manhood was full of grace and tenderness, so that any little child would, unasked, take his hand and find comfort in his sweet smile. His conversation delighted men of the highest attainment, and feeble souls forgot their weakness in his presence. The stern grew mild, the flippant reverential, because of the wise tact and Christian art which flowed in his speech.

Tennyson, in his poem to his friend Hallam, seems to describe such a man as our friend Channing. In my last sentences I have adopted some of his phrases—let me add these lines:—

"Dear friend! past, present and to be,
Sweet human hand and lip and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
The world is fair and full with thee."

All is well. In the light of such a life the trifling failures and disappointments are no longer visible. He lived for truth, for his country, for humanity, for freedom, for God. He took his full share in the great struggles of our time. During the Civil War he worked in the hospitals. He was chaplain of the House of Representatives: he gave advice, help, sympathy to all. He remains in my imagination and memory as a vision of spiritual beauty, and, as Wallenstein said of Max, we may say of him:—

"He stood beside me like my youth;
Transformed for me the real into a dream;
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

The coming and going of such souls do something like that which the great Master's life and death have done. They abolish death. They convince us of immortality. They enable us better to understand the great words of Jesus,—"I am the Resurrection, and the Life!"—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Little facts and circumstances in the economy of God have irresistible charms for me, and serve, like others more prominent, to show the perfect and beautiful manner in and for which everything has been created. In contemplating them, what a delightful lesson may we not learn! We may find in them the strongest testimonies of the truth of revelation and the superintendence of an all-wise and benevolent Creator. It has been well said that in the Book of Nature is written in the plainest characters the existence of a God which revelation takes for granted,—of a God how full of contrivance, how fertile in expedients, how benevolent in his ends!—at work everywhere, everywhere, too, with equal diligence; leaving nothing incomplete; finishing "the hinge in the wing of an insect" as perfectly as if it were all he had to do; unconfounded by the multiplicity of objects, undistracted by their dispersion, unwearied by their incessant demands on him, fresh as on that day when the morning stars first sung together, and all nature shouted for joy.—*Jesse.*

SUGGESTIONS TO A GUEST.

Do not let the old saying, "The first day the man is a guest, the second a burden, and the third a pest," be applied to you.

Endeavor to time your arrival so that it shall not interfere with your friends' meal hours, and arrange so that your baggage shall be delivered without being a care to them.

Do not outstay your welcome. Do not even stay as long as you are asked to.

Allow your hostess time to attend to her household duties: observe the hour at which her husband is likely to return from business, and try to arrange so that he may find

his wife alone at that time. You can easily find an excuse for absenting yourself.

Try to be unconscious of any friction which may exist in the household machinery, and by your punctuality do your best toward keeping it in regular motion. Be thoughtful for your hostess, affectionate to her children, and courteous to her servants.

When leaving, bestow some little gift upon each of the servants, and send something to the cook. She is generally the one in the house whose work is most increased by the presence of visitors, and she is usually the one ignored in the general present-giving which ensues as the guests prepare to depart.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Take courage to intrust your love
To Him so named, who guards above
Its ends, and shall fulfil,
Breaking the narrow prayers that may
Befit your narrow hearts away
In his broad, loving will.
—*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

Part II.

The boys and girls walked on for several hours, enjoying the pure (*town in Scotland*) and admiring the evergreen (*mountains in Virginia*) and the big branches of the (*town in Virginia*). One slight adventure befell them. (*Lake in New York*), lingering behind in search of trails, carelessly fell in a brook and took an involuntary (*city in Maine*). They passed on to an old deserted house, and having found by (*city in China*) in that it was empty, they sat down on its porch for lunch. Each one had a large (*former names for islands in the Pacific*), a big (*river in Africa*), plenty of (*city in Ceylon*), and a good deal of (*mountains in Western Massachusetts*). There was, besides, a bottle of (*mountains in Holy Land*) and (*hill in Southern Ireland*), out of which they had great difficulty in pulling the (*city in Ireland*). On the way home (*lake in New York*) tracked a (*river in Wisconsin*), firmly convinced that it was a (*island in Boston harbor*). —*The Beacon.*

II.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the eleven sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, will spell the name of a holiday in May.

1. The meeting was very pleasant.
2. Each soldier had his own tent.
3. The mountains were very clear.
4. The order came too late to stop the battle.
5. The race was very close.
6. The island was at the mouth of the river.
7. The boat went ashore on Long Island.
8. The law must be obeyed.
9. The day was enjoyed by all.
10. John was seen at the theatre.
11. The yard was full of sticks and stones.

III.

SUGGESTIONS.

What famous persons do the following objects suggest:—

1. Painted grapes.
2. A garter.
3. A web of tapestry.
4. Dragon's teeth.

—*Youth's Companion.*

IV.

FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN MAY.

1. –O–E––A–D–S––
2. J––N –A–E– A–D–B––
3. M–R–– T––R–S–
4. –I–L–A– H–N–Y S–W–R–
5. –A–P– W––D– E––R––N
6. P–T–R –H–G––A–

Answers to Puzzles in the April number.

I. DOUBLE ACROSTIC:—

C L E V E L A N D
C H A E R O N E A
B E A U C A I R E
G L O M E R A T E
C H A M P A G N E
F R A N K L A N D
G R E E N L A N D
P R O V I N C I A
J O H N S T O W N
L I G H T S H I P
Y A N K E E D O M
C R E S C E N D O
P E L O P I D A S
G E O M E T R I C

II. A BUNCH OF TREES.—Smoke-tree, Laurel, Rubber, Fir, Cotton-tree, Box, Spruce, Palm, Gum, Cork, Shag-bark, Liberty-tree, Chestnut, Ash, Bass, Axle-tree, Tree of Knowledge.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, May 3, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

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Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.